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BEER, BOOZE AND BUNCOMBE TACTICS OF REPUBLICANS

Every other resource failing, the Republicans have resorted at last to their old tactics—a beer, booze and buncombe campaign.

With the Advertiser—alias the Morning Hookworm—as the official organ of the Republican party, this is funny, even if indecent.

In former campaigns, when the Advertiser was at least sincere, it howled “beer, booze and buncombe” against the very candidates it is now so strenuously supporting. But it has apparently turned over a new leaf. Having its own axe to grind, it doesn’t care what are the morals or immorals of the party whose megaphone it is.

A few years ago when A. M. Brown was running for sheriff the Advertiser yelled itself black in the face over his campaign of “beer, booze and buncombe”. Yet the Advertiser now is standing for A. M. Brown’s reappointment as first deputy city attorney—notwithstanding Mr. Brown’s unsavory record. A. M. Brown and the Advertiser are feeding out of the same trough.

The automobiles of the Republican candidates have for a week been busy hauling beer and booze with which to attempt to debauch the electorate of Hawaii—the candidates and the Advertiser are supplying the buncombe. Luau’s are given almost every night at which beer is on tap for all who can be persuaded to dull their intellects, while dago red, whiskey and gin are served freely to the voters in an indecent attempt to buy their votes at the price of their brains.

Such tactics, while entirely contempt-

ible, are worthy of the Republican party. They care not how they win, just so they get the votes. They have so little opinion of the integrity of the Hawaiian voters that they think they can buy their votes with a few drinks of Palm Tree or a glass or two of beer.

The Advertiser timorously opposes the election of John Cathcart—it is afraid to come out very strongly against him on account of the five libel suits hanging over its head from the last campaign—but it stands for his methods, for his deputies and for his record. No wonder that the Advertiser—which only a short time ago plucked up courage enough to print any news on Sunday, and which tries to offset its misdeeds by publishing a sermon occasionally,—stands for the “beer, booze and buncombe” campaign.

Of the Bulletin nothing better is to be expected. Bulletin, beer, booze and buncombe have always been closely associated. There are those who will remember how the Bulletin, after having vigorously opposed the saloons, completely reversed its policy one afternoon after the editor had been closeted for an hour the day before with one of the prominent liquor men of the Territory! But there is one extenuating thing that may be said of the Bulletin—it plays fair with its purchasers—unless somebody else offers a better price.

Perhaps the Advertiser and the Bulletin and Jack Atkinson and the other Republicans think they can buy the votes of the electorate of Hawaii with beer, booze and buncombe. If so, they are due to awaken with a jolt next Tuesday.

large bunches. Walter G. Smith tried, according to his lights, to tell the truth, and he was run out of town for it! **The Democrat** has been threatened that if it does not stop telling the truth, it will be forced to cease publication before election day.

Such are the tactics of the Republicans. No less than half a dozen times since **The Democrat** was started have threats been made that if the paper did not stop telling the truth about the Special Interests, those connected with it would be forced to leave town.

It may be that this is true. Nevertheless, **The Democrat** will continue to tell the truth until election day, at which time its activities will cease with the publication of the paper. Coercion and intimidation are the cowardly weapons of the Republican party, but they are not always successful. They will not be in this case. The Advertiser may be cowardly enough to sacrifice an editor to the clamorings of the Republican mob, but **The Democrat** is not built along those lines.

The Thurston-Kuhio incident of a few years ago is illuminative as illustrating the Advertiser policy. For a long time the Advertiser had been criticizing Kuhio. It had sized him up right as the incompetent he is and every day its editorial columns had contained a roast of the Delegate.

TRYING TO INTIMIDATE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN

An attempt is being made by the Republican leaders to force the National Guardsmen to vote the Republican ticket.

At a meeting of the National Guard of Honolulu held last Wednesday night, Col. J. W. Jones, the elongated individual who took it upon himself to declare martial law in Honolulu some weeks ago when a Chinese prince was passing through, lectured the militia men upon their duty of voting the Republican ticket and attempted to find out how many of them expected to vote for the Democrats. Fortunately, his crooked scheme had been found out in time and the guardsmen refused to vote at all. They knew that if any of them expressed the intention of voting for the Democrats, they might expect trouble. Col. Jones, the Stenographic Tactician, might have them court-martialed, or he might go to their employers and try to have them fired from their jobs.

Intimidation and coercion are the last desperate weapons of the defeated Republican leaders. “If we cannot win this election honestly,” they have said through their spokesman, Bill Aylett, “we will steal it.”

And they are trying to steal it now. The Republican employers are threatening to fire their employees unless the latter will promise to support the Republican ticket and platform. More than that, they are carrying their threats into effect.

Democrat laborers in the employ of Republican employers are being let out every day, sometimes on one excuse, sometimes on another and sometimes on no excuse at all, the plain reason being given that no man who is a Democrat can hope to continue to work for a Republican firm.

As to this Col. J. W. Jones, he is nothing but a shorthand writer. For years

he was stenographer in the circuit court, but when the Republican contingent in the legislature last session succeeded in pushing through a bill providing a salary of \$275 a month for an adjutant-general of the National Guard of Hawaii, John W. Jones was right on deck. Although he knows about as much about the science of war as a bug knows about Latin, he was given the fat job by Governor Frear, high-priest of the Republican party. And ever since he has sat around the bungalow and issued fool orders, swelled around in a uniform that is as befitting to him as a silk robe on a potato bug, placed the city under martial law when a slant-eyed Oriental with a title tacked onto his name passed through, and generally made a spectacle of himself.

Imagine Col. John W. Jones at the head of a regiment in time of war. There is only one advantage about the colonel. In time of danger he might be able to hide behind a cane-stalk.

The fact of the matter is that the job of adjutant general—at \$275 a month—was created solely for the purpose of giving John W. Jones a job, of rewarding him for real or imaginary services to the Republican party. Col. Jones doesn’t know any more about war than Kuhio knows about his duties in Congress. It would be amusing to see Col. Jones meet his fully panoplied shadow on a moonlight night. Col. John W. Jones at the head of the National Guard of Hawaii! It is enough to make even a disconsolate Republican laugh.

And yet this Col. John W. Jones has the nerve to try to force the members of the National Guard to vote the Republican ticket—in order that he may continue to hold his \$275 a month job.

Just wait until the voters get a chance at him next Tuesday and see what happens to the elongated Stenographic Tactician!

ASSISTANCE!!!

In Hawaii’s happy isles there are variegated styles
Of men and things and politics and ways of doing biz,
But there’s one abomination, that’s assisted immigration,
And it’s quite the queerest freak design of anything that is.

If there’s aught that’s worse, we’ve missed it, though there’re other things assisted,
And we’re looking for assistance at the polls to cure our ills,
For we think Hawaii’s dandy and these Islands are our candy,
But we want them to be something else than sugar-coated pills.

There’s assisted immigration and assisted “inspiration,”
The latter being all the slush the daily papers print
About their benefactors who are nothing more than actors
In sugar-coated politics for the golden money’s glint.

MORNING PAPER DARE NOT TELL THE TRUTH

Walter G. Smith, the former editor of the Advertiser, was forced to leave Honolulu because the Tiser during the time of his editorship had attacked John W. Cathcart, city and county attorney. When Smith resigned his position, there were five libel suits hanging over the Advertiser, and, it is authentically stated, the management of the Hawaiian Gazette Company was advised that if Smith resigned and left Honolulu, these suits would never be brought to trial.

Smith resigned and the suits have never been tried, although they are still on the circuit court calendar, ready to be brought to hear if ever the Advertiser dares to tell the truth again about Cathcart and his gang.

The Advertiser is now mildly opposing the election of Cathcart, but its opposition is enough to make the reader smile when he remembers the bitter fight waged by the Morning Insult two years ago against the present Republican candidate for the attorneyship.

All of which goes to show that if a newspaper in Honolulu dares to try to tell the truth, trouble drops on it in

The Advertiser, organ of the Republican party, has not yet apologized to the Hawaiians for classing them with negroes.